



# McDOUGALL'S GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN



## Uncle Enos, the "Trolley Fiend," and His Wonderful Invention, Along With the Experiences of His Little Nephew With the Type Imp and the Marvelous Doings of a Great Flash of Lightning

"Well, maybe you will yet," replied his uncle. "If I see him I'll call you quick."

"You're not very likely to see one while you're traveling 'round the country on the cars," said Ollie, a little sullenly, for he was tired of being alone all day in the shop.

"I'm going to stay home a while," said Uncle Enos, laughing. "I've got another idea to work out. I am going to invent a new kind of trolley that will need no wire overhead, and which will have neither a conductor nor a motorman."

"Who's going to collect the fares?" cried Ollie. "That will be all done by a machine. I've thought it all out."

"How are you going to stop the car for people?" demanded the boy.

"I shall have at each corner a button that will stop the car by being pressed, and, when the passenger gets on, that will start the car again. Oh, I haven't overlooked anything. It's all arranged in my mind, even the heating and calling out the names of the streets by a graphophone up at the top of the car, which will also call out for the passengers to 'Move up forward,' 'Step lively,' and 'Pay your fare, please!'"

"Well, I must admit," said Ollie, "that it would be a great thing, if you can manage it."

"It's as sure as shooting," declared his uncle. "I've only got to make a model and set it going so as to get out a patent, and I'm a wealthy man!"

"Then you and Miss Millikin will get married, I suppose?" suggested Ollie.

"I declare, I've been neglecting Miss Millikin," cried Uncle Enos. "I think you have!"

"There she sits all day waiting for you!"

"Pooh!" retorted the old man. "She has enough to occupy her mind. She has to polish all that solid silver of hers and count all her gold, for she's got a whole box full of gold dollars and five and ten dollar pieces, not to mention a pile of silver coin that old Granter Kirkendall, the old miser, hoarded away long before the war and not a cent of which has ever been spent, let me tell you, by Miss Millikin!"

"And does she keep it all in her house?" asked the boy.

"Every cent of it! Lots of gold jewelry, too. I've seen it all!" replied Uncle Enos.

"Gee! I'd be afraid of burglars!" cried Ollie. "Why doesn't she put it in Mr. Gelwick's bank, over at St. Thomas, I wonder?"

"Because one of Mr. Gelwick's partners in the bank is a politician and a member of Congress, and she suspects all politicians, and no wonder!" replied Uncle Enos. "Oh, I guess that money is safe enough while she's around to guard it! I wouldn't like to be the burglar she catches stealing it!"

Uncle Enos went to work at once on the model of his new trolley car, and Miss Millikin watched him by the hour, sometimes talking over the patent telephone about it; but she never said she believed in it, for she was a very cautious woman. She did suggest one idea for it, and that was some kind of a contrivance to keep women from stepping off backward while the car was going, which was a very good notion indeed.

It was late in the summer when the model was finished, and Uncle Enos began to build a little track in the back yard for it to run on, having made arrangements with the trolley company's manager to use the electricity from the power-house by means of a wire running to the printing shop. I suppose that it was this wire that caused all the trouble that came next.

Ollie, having carefully set up a page of type for a circular advertising that Mr. Lee was going to open a butcher shop in connection with his cash grocery, and being quite tired from so much labor, had seated himself by the desk, and, strange to say, had fallen into a doze.

His little nephew Ollie used to laugh when people asked him if Uncle Enos was crazy, and said: "Oh, let him alone and he'll soon get tired of all that and come back to fuss about and plague Miss Millikin next door."

Now, Miss Millikin was perhaps the one most interested in Uncle Enos's comings and goings, for she had been engaged to him for thirty-two years, and everybody in Blimmsville expected they would marry pretty soon. She was only waiting for him to get over this foolishness of inventing useless things and settle down to make money. She was rich as well as very beautiful, but she was very fond of money and always wanted more. She hated to see Uncle Enos waste his time and money, and, in order to watch him and guide him, she had caused a window to be made in the side of her house so that she could sit and look in at all that was going on.

Miss Millikin had approved of nothing that he had invented except the patent improved telephone, and that she used to talk with him and sometimes actually scold him. The wire ran right into his sitting room, so that she could hear as well as see distinctly; but, alas! there was rarely a tinkle from the bell nowadays!

One day Uncle Enos returned from a long trip to find Ollie very angry. All the type in the shop had been badly mixed up, or "pied," as they say in a printery.

"Oh, one must expect that sometimes," said Uncle Enos, laughing. "When you are my age you'll get used to it."

"But nobody has been here since I left last night," declared Ollie.

"It's the work of the Type Imp!" said his uncle. "Every shop has one of these little demons. Sometimes he lays low for years without making any trouble, and then suddenly he lets go and does things almost every day, it would seem. I've not been pestered by ours for some twelve years, I think, and that's why I never remembered to tell you about him."

Ollie was astounded, and almost thought his uncle was crazy.

"Did you ever see the Type Imp?" he asked.

"I never did. I've seen only his work, but that's enough! One of my men saw him, however, back in eighteen eighty-nine, and he said he was a little hairy chap, dressed in red clothes, but all smeared with ink from head to feet. The man had come into the shop to sleep one Fourth of July night, after having been to a picnic over at McConnellsburg, and waking up suddenly, with an awful thirst, he was drinking from the bucket when he saw the imp grinning at him! He was so scared that he dropped the bucket right into Mr. Algar's advertisement and pied it so that it had to be all set up over again next day. That's all the proof he had, but that was enough."

"Well, I'd like to see him once, that's all," declared Ollie.

"It's said to be dreadful bad luck to see a Type Imp," asserted Uncle Enos. "This very man I was telling you about took to drink afterward and died in the poorhouse."

"Oh, I'm not afraid! I just want to see him," asserted Ollie.

Uncle Enos was hurrying up his preparations, for a great bank of black clouds, climbing quickly up into the western sky, showed that a thunder storm of unusual volume was approaching. The air was as still as ice, although not as cold, for it had been a hot day. Miss Millikin was sitting in her window watching the clouds, and rather expecting that a cyclone was coming from those sullen and sombre masses of vapor that were rolling heavily overhead, mingled with sharp flashes of lightning, but without any thunder as yet.

"That's a long way off yet, Miss Millikin!" cried Uncle Enos, noting her anxious air. "Can't hear any thunder, you see!"

"Oh, it makes me nervous!" she answered. "Something seems about to happen. I feel all of a tingle!"

"Guess that's the way chickens feel before a storm," retorted Uncle Enos, laughing. "Feathers sorter ruffled and ticklish, I reckon!"

"Now you speak of feathers, I do believe I'll just

"Hooray! I've done it! She goes, by Hickey! She goes!"

The little imp seemed to hesitate for an instant, and then he raised the galley, but before he could drop it a startling, vivid flash of lightning illumined the shop, followed immediately by a crash of thunder that rocked the building. It seemed to the half-blinded Ollie that the lightning struck the galley of metal types in the imp's arms and played about the room in many-colored flashes of flame, dancing with incredible swiftness from one object to another in a twinkling. He felt stunned for a second, then he realized that the dwarf had vanished; the next thought was that the building must have been struck by lightning. He rushed out into the garden and found that the rain was pouring down in torrents, but that the building was unharmed as far as he could see.

Then he caught sight of his uncle being dragged around his circle of track by the model of a trolley car! He ran to him, but the car was going so swiftly that he couldn't catch him, and was compelled to wait until he came around the circle again, when he grasped him. His uncle released his hold when he felt the touch of Ollie's hands, and falling to the ground, he grunted: "My, my! Ain't that a peach!"

"What's the matter?" demanded Ollie. "What happened?"

"Nothing, except lightning, I guess. I just turned the current on in my motor, and she was moving along finely when the crash came and somehow toppled me over onto the car. I grabbed it, and away it hustled with me as if it was trying to make connections somewhere. Slipped off before it got all the way round, but I held on kinder desperate, I guess; don't know any other reason! Expect I'd been hanging on yet if you hadn't

sorter brought my attention to the undignified position I was in. But she's a success! We'll make a fortune out of this!"

"Well, let her go and come in out of the rain!" said his nephew. "It certainly looks as if you had succeeded, but I've just seen the Printers' Imp! He came into the shop and was talking to me!"

Before Uncle Enos found his voice they heard Miss Millikin's, in loud and sorrowing accents, crying out:

"Burglars! Robbers! Murder! I've been robbed! Help!"

Both ran into the house and upstairs. There sat the poor lady, half covered with feathers, her bed having burst during her struggles to escape from beneath it, and holding in her hands a large tin box, the lid of which had been roughly torn off. She shrieked:

"Look! They have stolen all my money! All, all gone! Three thousand dollars in gold was in this box twenty minutes ago!"

Then she recollected other money hidden away, and rushed frantically out of the room, only to shriek with added woe that even the silver had vanished. Not a trace remained of the money, and the trunk in which it had been concealed was ripped open as if by an axe-stroke. Then she sprang down stairs, to find that all the silver plate had disappeared. The robbery had been most complete, not a thing having been overlooked, apparently. Miss Millikin, almost fainting, was carried upstairs to bed, and Uncle Enos went to the telephone to call the chief of police, but found at once that the telephone was not in working order, so Ollie was dispatched for him.

"Don't fret," said Uncle Enos to the sorrowing woman. "Tain't as if you'd died! Money ain't all in the world!"

"Seems to me I'd rather have died than lose all that money!" replied Miss Millikin; "but, as you say, 'tain't all on earth.'"

"No, indeed; and now that my trolley car seems to work all right, you and I will have more money

### THE PRINTER SEES THE IMP

crawl underneath my feather bed in the spare room!" replied Miss Millikin. "I'm glad, real glad, that you mentioned chickens!"

She vanished at once, and Uncle Enos smiled as he thought of her perspiring beneath that old feather bed, for Miss Millikin was stout and hearty. Drops of rain began to fall softly and then ceased. Suddenly Ollie awoke as if something had touched him, and opening his eyes started and rose to his feet. There, before him, stood a little hairy creature scarce reaching in height to his own knee, all dressed in red, and smeared with sugar and with black ink! He was grinning with malice at the boy, and he held in his arms Mr. Lee's carefully-set-up advertisement. As Ollie stared at him he chuckled and said:

"Ha, ha! I come and go, am here and there, And then again I'm not! I come to spoil your jealous care, By being on the spot! I note full well your frightened glance, It's happened as you feared! You know me by my inky pants, And by my scarlet beard! I am that fiend, 'The Printers' Foe,' I am that very trifling cuss! I'll damage do before I go, So you'll remember Inkubus!"

He got off this rubbish with the air of a small boy reciting before the school board, and Ollie, even at that dreadful moment of terror, thought how silly such words were in the mouth of such a terrific creature. Inkubus, the name he claimed, sounded so familiar to the lad that he wondered where he had heard it before, but there was no time to consult the big dictionary, which is part of the property of every well-managed printing establishment, for when his visitor had spoken his little piece he raised the galley of type and was about to dash it to the floor when Uncle Enos's voice came echoing through the shop, saying:

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UNCLE ENOS ABSORBED IN TROLLEY MAPS

than we ever dreamed of!" continued Uncle Enos. "I don't want to do anything hastily, but we might as well get married some time this year!"

So when Ollie returned with the chief, Miss Millikin was almost happy. The chief could find no clue to the robber, but said that it would not be long before he had him, and went off looking important.

Ollie then began to use his eyes, for he saw marks on the window sills and the walls that looked very mysterious. Soon he discovered that the telephone wires had been melted and formed lumps of copper where they entered the room, and that the tin box also showed marks of fire and great heat, while every bit of metal on the trunk had been torn off entirely. This was so wonderful that Uncle Enos, when all had been shown him, shook his head and whispered:

"The Printers' Imp, eh?"

"No ordinary robber, anyhow," declared Ollie, and then he suddenly observed that every bit of the lightning rods at the shop had vanished! He could see the telephone wires between the two houses, and they were still intact, but stripped of their covering, and a black smudge where they entered the print shop showed that fire had also been there.

Suddenly he thought of the stroke of lightning, and instantly he remembered reading of the wonderful pranks it had played in a house in New York a few weeks before. The papers had been full of the marvelous changes wrought by one flash of electricity in a house, where the chandeliers had been melted and found in the zinc bathtubs in the cellar, and the door-bell fused onto the muzzle of an old gun in the garret, while every bit of lead-pipe throughout the house had been spread out in flat bands from roof to cellar. He knew that nothing is impossible of consideration when lightning is at its pranks.

He ran into the shop, where his first glance around revealed nothing altered, but when he approached the spot where he had been sitting when the bolt fell he stopped in awe and wonder. There on the floor, piled in a heap, lay the galley which he had seen the imp holding, all pied and disordered. The lightning, he supposed, had dashed it from the table where it lay (for, you must know, he already believed that he had been dreaming of the imp), as a great splinter of wood, also, had been torn from the table. But over where the old rusty stove had stood in the corner was something that dazzled his eyes. Glittering and polished like cut glass, gleaming as if red hot, stood a stove of solid gold! He went timidly to it, scarce trusting his eyes, and placed his hand on it. It was still warm!

Turning, he saw, with more wonder, that all the type in the fonts were of gold, and then that the old hand-press was all silver! It was only when he actually had his hands on these things and was sure that he was not again dreaming that he could believe it to be true. Then he yelled for Uncle Enos, and something in his voice brought Miss Millikin also. She, as well as his uncle, stood transfixed at sight of the stove, but neither of them suspected what had happened. Nor would they at first believe it possible, until Ollie told them what he had read about electricity, when Uncle Enos smote his forehead and cried:

"Sure enough! I've read of just such cases. It was that flash of lightning, the same one that started off my car!"

"What shall we do? If that's my money on that stove, I just got to come off of there mighty quick!" said Miss Millikin.

Well, the result of it all was that, when everything that was gilded or silvered was collected, it was found that all could be sent to the smelters and recovered with little trouble, but by that time Uncle Enos had made such a wonderful bargain with the trolley companies for his new self-conducting, self-managing car that he was a millionaire several times over and had married Miss Millikin.

They decided that all the stuff should be sent to the smelter to be melted down except the gold stove; that was to be set up in their parlor, for it was certain that there was not another like it in all the world. This was quite true, as was proved by the many handsome offers that were made for it by wealthy men who desired to have such a wonder in their own houses; but as Uncle Enos now needed no money he, of course, refused every such offer, and now the splendid stove, gleaming grandly in summer or winter alike—for having a fire in it has never dulled its marvelous polish—stands in his palace at Blimmsville, where you or anybody else who is curious can see it; and if you walk down the main street people will point out to you the little print shop where it was gold-plated in the twinkling of an eye.

But Miss Millikin was taught a lesson, and after that she placed her money in charge of Mr. Gelwick's, so that if it is struck by lightning, or the cashier, either, she won't be likely to lose anything.

Uncle Enos now does his traveling in an automobile, one of his own invention, and Ollie, who is now at college, is visited by him and his new aunt almost every week; but each time Uncle Enos arrives in town by an entirely new road. He says he will soon have an airship, so that he can make his own routes.

WALT McDUGALL.



THERE STOOD THE PRINTERS' IMP